

The Herald and News

ESTABLISHED 1865

NEWBERRY, S. C., FRIDAY DEC. 15 1903

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

A. Story of Daniel Webster.

Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, who was mistress of the White House during President Tyler's administration, has just celebrated in Washington her eighty-third birthday.

"The statesman I liked best in my youth was Daniel Webster," Mrs. Semple said the other day. "He was a handsome man and he talked well. I remember a banquet one night when the subject of death and dying came up, and Mr. Webster told us a story that was half funny and half pathetic.

"He said that an old woman lay very ill and after a time she went off into a trance. She lay so still in this trance that they thought the end had come, and when she opened her eyes again at last her husband said to her in a surprised tone:

"Why Mandy, we thought ye was dead."

"The poor woman looked at her husband a moment and then she burst into tears.

"An' ye never bawled a bit," she sobbed. "Ye thought I wuz dead and yer eyes wuz dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jabez?"

"The old man was deeply moved, and he did actually bawl then. But his wife said sadly:

"It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled 'twould have done me some good. But it's too late now."

WATER SKIRT DANCING.

Of Young Ladies in Rubber Boots Cold Water, a New Fad.

Westbury, Conn., correspondent New York World.

"Water skirt dancing" is the latest fad of a number of young women whose names will appear in the list of those attending the functions at New York's "500" during the coming winter.

Prettier than any mermaid at wearing short skirts with rubber boots that reach to the hip, they can be found wading about in the icy-cold spring water of the creeks and ponds in the suburbs at all times of the day. They dance, sing and play in the water, some gathering lilies at others spearing at small fish, all to the advice of a physician.

This is a new "beauty" treatment, and after exercising in the water for an hour or two the young women are wrapped in huge blankets, carried home in an intense perspiration, put to bed and fed on warm milk.

Dr. Charles A. Ward, who prescribed the treatment, is being overrun by people who call to see him and want to take the course.

The young women drive to the spot selected in carriages, wrapped in long, loose gowns.

Men? Oh, no. They don't take the treatment, but the banks of certain streams look like nothing so much as the sidewalk from the Flatiron building in New York on a windy day.

WHEN BOYS FIGHT.

Incident That Carries Every Man Back to Barefoot Days.

Edwin L. Sabin in Century.

Although victory, actual or prospective, of course ever was doubtful (either you were winning or the other fellow was winning, according as to which did the telling), at some times it appeared to a spectator more decisive than at others.

You were feeling very spunky that on when amid your preserves you cried a stronger boy, but civilly challenged him. One may witness a bluff but wary fox terriers thus approach each other, accost and investigate.

"Hello!" you wagged—that is, said. "Hello, yourself!" wagged he.

"Say, what's your name?" you inquired, as you had every right to do.

"Pudin' tame, ask me again, an' 'll tell you the same," he replied insolently.

At the unmerited rebuff you stiffen-

Better not give me any of your 'sp!' you growled.

"Pooh! What'll you do?" he growled back.

"I'll show you what I'll do."

"You couldn't hurt a flea."

"I couldn't, couldn't I?"

"Naw you couldn't, 'couldn't I, ' "

Walking in circles around each other, after this fashion you and he sowed crimination and recrimination, while larger and larger waxed an audience, hopeful of seeing them spring up as blows.

Only when the flurry came did you discover too late how much taller and longer and older than you he was.

Your bleeding nose showed this to you, and, cowed, and weeping, you retreated in bad order.

"I'll tell my big brother, and he'll 'sp' you!" you growled threateningly.

"Aw, he ain't got any big brother," jeered the heartless crowd, who saw no paths in your abused organ.

This was true. You had none.

"I'll tell my father, then," you wailed angrily—another empty boast.

And still sniffing and fearfully gory, with the handkerchiefs of yourself and your one faithful companion quite exhausted, you reached the haven of a friendly pump.

You had not been whipped—not exactly.

"Got licked, didn't you?" unkindly commented various friends and enemies.

"I didn't either!" you asserted, indignant. "I had to quit 'cause my nose was bleedin'." It takes more'n him to lick me."

"He gave you a bloody nose, just the same."

You wouldn't admit so much as that.

"He didn't either. He never touched my nose. It bleeds awful easy. It bleeds sometimes when you just look at it—don't it, Hen?"

"When I was travelling through Kentucky a short time ago," said the man about town, "a very amusing incident occurred one night at the performance of a well-known magician, in one of the small mountain towns where I happened to be.

"The magician had proceeded with many mystifying tricks when he announced that he would for the next one require a pin flask of whiskey.

"Not a man in the audience moved. Thinking that they had misunderstood him, the magician asked in a louder tone:

"Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whiskey?"

"This was also followed by a silence, and I was beginning to think that all the stories I had heard about Kentucky 'colonels' was all rot, when a tall, lank fellow in the back of the hall arose, and holding out a flask, said:

"Mistah, would a quart flask do?"

"Just as well, sir," replied the magician.

And at that every man in the house arose and extended a flask of that size.

Week End Rates via Southern.

For Saturday and Sunday morning trains the Southern railway will sell round trip tickets to the following points at very low rates. Tickets good returning until Tuesday following date of sale:

Walhalla, S. C., \$3.40

Spartanburg, S. C., 2.10

Greenville, S. C., 2.10

Asheville, N. C., 3.85

Hot Spring, N. C., 4.60

Arden, N. C., 3.85

Fletchers, N. C., 3.85

Hendersonville, N. C., 3.85

Flat Rock, N. C., 3.85

Saluda, N. C., 3.85

Tryon, N. C., 3.85

Brevard, N. C., 4.60

Lake Toxaway, N. C., 5.30

Faylors, N. C., (for Chicks Springs) 2.31

Isle of Palms 5.15

Sullivan's 5.15

No. 6994.

Treasury Department

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

Washington, D. C., October 12, 1903.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The People's National Bank of Prosperity," located in the Town of Prosperity, in the County of Newberry, and State of South Carolina, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now, therefore, I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The People's National Bank of Prosperity," located in the Town of Prosperity, in the County of Newberry, and State of South Carolina, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand [L.S.] and Seal of office this Twelfth day of October, 1903.

T. P. KANE, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

Columbia Newberry & Laurens R.R. Co.

(Eastern Standard Time.) Southbound Northbound Schedule in Effect January 10th, 1904 STATIONS.

Table with columns for time, station, and direction. Includes stations like Atlanta, Athens, Elberton, Abbeville, Greenwood, Clinton, Laurens, Columbia, Sumter, Charleston, Newberry, Spartanburg, Saluda, Hendersonville, Asheville, and Greenville.

A. C. L. Columbia (Union Station) 4 45 11 20

Table with columns for time, station, and direction. Includes stations like Columbia, Sumter, Charleston, Newberry, Spartanburg, Saluda, Hendersonville, Asheville, and Greenville.

Trains 53 and 52 arrive and depart from new union depot. Trains 22 and 21 from A. C. L. freight depot West Gervais street.

Charleston and Western Carolina Rwy Co. Augusta and Asheville Short Line.

(Schedule in effect August 1, 1903.) (Read Down.) (Read Up)

Table with columns for time, station, and direction. Includes stations like Newberry, Laurens, Spartanburg, Saluda, Hendersonville, Asheville, Greenville, and Port Royal.

Table with columns for time, station, and direction. Includes stations like Newberry, Laurens, Asheville, and Greenville.

For further information relative to rates, etc., call on, or address GEO. T. BRYAN, Gen. Agt., Greenville, S. C. ERNEST WILLIAMS, Gen. Pass. Agt., Augusta, Ga. T. M. MERRON, Traffic Manager.

BLUE RIDGE RAIL ROAD.

H. O. BEATTIE, Receiver. In Effect June 8, 1902.

Between Anderson and Walhalla.

Table with columns for mixed, arrive, leave, and westbound. Includes stations like Belton, Anderson F. D., Anderson P. D., West Anderson, Donover, Autun, Pendleton, Cherry, Adams, Jordania Junct, Bonaca, West Union, and Walhalla.

FATHER AND SON CURED

Col. C. E. Updegraff, of Reading, Pa., Was Cured of Chronic Stomach Trouble, and His Son of Bronchitis, by

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

The Colonel and His Son Are Well Known and Respected Business Men of Pennsylvania—Men Whose Word Carries Weight Wherever They Are Known.



COL. C. E. UPDEGRAFF.



C. E. UPDEGRAFF, JR.

Both Heartily Recommend Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, Which Brought Them Health After Years of Suffering.

The Colonel's Letter.

"It gives me great pleasure to state that I have just recovered from a severe attack of chronic Gastritis. Nothing could be retained on my stomach during my illness. Not even milk. I was reduced from 185 lbs. to 145 in 7 weeks. Nothing did me any good. My son insisted that I should try Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which had cured him. It stayed on my stomach, and I was able to take a little milk with it. It acted like magic, and in a few weeks I was able to take solid food without distress. I soon regained my weight, my stomach is sound, my general health was never better. And I owe my cure to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey."

C. E. UPDEGRAFF, 39 S. 4th St.

From the Son.

Mr. C. E. Updegraff, Jr., is of the firm of Updegraff & Brownell, proprietors and managers of the New Bijou Theatre at Reading, and of numerous other enterprises. He says of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey: "For years I suffered from a bronchial affection. Nothing the doctors gave me seemed to do any good, and it kept getting worse. Finally one of the doctors advised me to try Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which he had used for years in his practice. My throat commenced to heal at once, my cough grew better, and to-day I am completely cured, a picture of robust, rugged health. I cheerfully recommend Duffy's to all my friends."

THEIR ONLY MEDICINE

No medicine in the world can show a larger list of actual cures than Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey—over 4,000,000 complete cures in 50 years. Lots of so-called "cures" make you feel better for a while but the effect soon passes off. Duffy's actually and positively cures you. 7,000 doctors prescribe it and 2,000 hospitals use it exclusively.

Duffy's alone will cure you and keep you well.

It is scientifically distilled from carefully selected malt, and is guaranteed absolutely free from fusel oil, so generally found in other whiskies.

It begins by killing the disease germs and driving them out of the system. Then it allays all inflammation, replaces the diseased tissues, enriches and purifies the blood, and strengthens the circulation. It tones up the heart's action, quiets the nerves, and



brings to the cheek the glow of perfect health.

Duffy's cures bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, grip, pneumonia, and all throat and lung troubles; gastritis, indigestion, belching, dyspepsia, and all stomach diseases; malaria, and all low fevers. And it does it all in a quiet, easy, natural manner, without leaving any disease combination behind it. It is the only whiskey recognized by the Government as a medicine, which is of itself a strong guarantee.

CAUTION.—When you ask for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. Unscrupulous dealers, mindful of the excellence of this preparation, will try to sell you cheap imitations and malt whiskey substitutes, which are put on the market for profit only, and which, far from relieving the sick, are positively harmful. Demand "Duffy's" and be sure you get it. It is the only absolutely pure Malt Whiskey which contains medicinal, health-giving qualities. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is sold in sealed bottles only; never in flask or bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and be certain the seal over the cork is unbroken. Beware of refilled bottles.

Sold by all druggists and grocers or direct, \$1.00 a bottle. Medical booklet free. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, New York.

Advertisement for Palmatina The Vegetable Fat. Includes text: PALMATINA The Vegetable Fat Superior to all others It is sold every-where. WESSON CO. BAWMAN CO.